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Victory Verses and Poems of Pathos



by T. B. WEAVER

~~5808 Luther Ave.~~

Cleveland
1474 Addison Rd.



Suite 1



PRICE 25c

With a daily "God bless
you, Mr. President!"



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by T. B. WEAVER

~~5808 Luther Ave.~~

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The Little Blue Star Turned to Gold



There's a little blue star in my window,
That means all the world to me,
For it speaks in a voice sweet and tender
Of a loved one far over the sea.
It comforts me when I am lonely,
It brightens the gloom of my night,
For I know its pure love is mine only,
As it fills all my soul with its light.

That little blue star stands for duty,
For a purpose both noble and high,
For a soul filled with honor and beauty,
For a love that is willing to die.
One night when the shadows were falling
And my heart felt a yearning untold,
An angel of light,
In his heavenly flight,
Turned that little blue star to gold.

Tho he sleeps where the poppies are waving,
In a foreign land over the sea,
Yet the solace my spirit is craving,
That little gold star brings to me;
It will lead me to holier duty,
In a cause which he died to atone,
Till the Prince of Peace comes in His
beauty,
And we meet around heaven's white
throne.

A Toast to the Boys



Here's a toast to the Boys
With a sweetheart's kiss
As pure as the morning's dew ;
Here's a toast to the Boys
With a round of bliss
That will last the whole life through.

Here's a toast to the Boys
With a mother's tears
And a hug to her loving breast ;
Here's a toast to the Boys,
With her smiles and cheers
By the prayers of a mother blest.

Here's a toast to the Boys,
With a father's pride
And the grasp of a father's hand ;
Here's a toast to the Boys,
With a home where hide
The deeds of a blessed land.

Here's a toast to the Boys,
With a nation's fame
In the triumph of love and peace ;
Here's a toast to the Boys,
With an honored name,
And the glory that shall not cease.

Just a Little White Cross



Just a little white cross with a soldier's name,
To the world tells a beautiful story;
Were it glittering gold or an arch of fame
This could not add to its glory.

That little white cross means a sacrifice
Of love and of life and achievement;
It signals the place where our hero lies,
And the depth of a world's bereavement.

Just a little white cross with a wreath of
flowers
Which will bloom thru the coming ages;
While freedom will honor those heroes of ours
In anthem and history's pages.

As God gave His Son to redeem the world
Thru His infinite love and compassion,
So we, that "Old Glory" might be kept
unfurled,
Gave our sons in a similar fashion.

Just a little white cross with a light divine
Flooding all the world with its beauty,
For the years to come may it be a shrine
Where the nations learn lessons of duty.

Some of the Boys



Where are some of the Boys that we bade
good-bye
When they gathered to cross the sea?
While our noble Yanks
Now are breaking ranks,
I notice a tear and I hear a sigh
From the dear ones who wait with me.

Where are some of the Boys that we loved to
meet
In the morning, at noon, or night?
They answered the "call"
And sacrificed all,
And we miss them in office and street,
And the stars do not shine so bright.

Where are some of the Boys whose rollicking
songs
Filled the gloomiest days with cheer?
They were happy and gay
When they marched away,
To rescue the world from its countless wrongs,
Now the sunniest days seem drear.

Where are some of the Boys whose sweet-
hearts wait,
Whose mothers and young wives pray?
While the home fires burn
For the Yanks' return,
His empty chair and his unused plate
Chill the hope for the coming day.

Where are some of the Boys? Let the sea
 reply ;
From its depths shine their golden stars ;
Only God knows well
Where each hero fell,
And His angels have marked where our loved
 ones lie,
And Glory has wreathed their scars.

Welcome, Our Boys



Your boy and my boy, they all are ours,
Our heroes, we welcome to-day ;
Christen with kisses the garlands of flowers
Which we gratefully strew in their way.

They are our heroes of noble endeavor,
Yes, soldiers of mercy and peace ;
Yours be the praises and honor forever
And glory that never shall cease.

Back to your home land yearning for you,
With our tears and our cheers and our joys,
Back to the home fires burning for you,
Welcome, OUR brave SOLDIER BOYS.

The Two Mothers



She had only one boy,
Her hope and her joy,
The cry of her heart in prayer;
A little white cross
Marks her love and her loss,
For her soldier boy sleeps "over there."

Through her smiles and her tears
She faces the years
With a gold star to guide her above;
With a brave mother's heart,
She accomplished her part
And has purchased a world's bond of love.

She enjoyed not the bliss
Of a sweet baby's kiss,
Nor the pride of a brave noble son;
But to her more than life
Was our flag in the strife,
As she prayed for the victory won.

With a heart filled with thanks
She welcomed the Yanks
Giving roses with kisses and cheers;
Though the brave sons of others
And of fond, absent mothers,
Each shared in her smiles and her tears.

Mother's Prayer



All alone, at home, is mother sitting,
While her thoughts are far away,
And her hands are busy sewing, knitting,
As her lips in silence pray,

For her noble sons have crossed the ocean
As her gifts to Liberty,
And she toils and prays in true devotion,
For a mighty victory.

When her noble laddies left she blessed them,
Held them in her warm embrace,
As her gifts to Freedom's cause confessed
 them,
Kneeling at a throne of grace,

As they said "Good-bye" to her "God bless
 you",
They beheld her saintly smile,
"Go," she said, "and may the *Christ* possess
 you,
And be with you all the while."

At the front, her noble sons are leading
With the hosts of PEACE and LOVE,
O'er the fields of countless heroes bleeding,
Shines the STAR of HOPE above,

Through the fire they dash, her sweet love
 guiding,
Thrilled by mother's faith and prayer,
With her spirit in their hearts abiding,
Heroes are they everywhere.

The Mother of a Soldier



The mother of a soldier—heaven bless her!
May her heart o'erflow with mingled pride
and joy;

A nation stands in honor to address her,
Since for Freedom's cause she gave her
precious boy.

'Tis heaven alone that mother's love can
measure,

For years he's been the source of all her cares,
The future holds in him her richest treasure,
To-day, he is the burden of her prayers.

The mother of a soldier—how she'll miss him!
By his vacant chair she kneels alone to pray;
And in her dreams again she'll bless and kiss
him,

As she did the day he proudly marched away.

No mother gave a son for cause more glorious,
Beneath a flag whose honor is more bright;
That PEACE throughout the world may be
victorious,

And LOVE and RIGHT may rule instead of
MIGHT.

The mother of a soldier—may she meet him!
Welcome back her boy, a soldier brave and
true!

Her loving heart will bound again to greet
him,

As a million loyal mothers hope to do.

God grant he may bring back our COLORS
flying,

In triumph over all that would oppress;
That o'er the fields of countless dead and
dying,

Sweet PEACE may reign and all earth's
nations bless.



The Kiss of Peace



Kiss me, kind lady,
For an angel you have been to me ;
Kiss me, dear lady,
For my wife and baby's sake across the sea ;
Send them this cross which I found pinned
 upon my breast,
And, in your own sweet way, write daddy did
 his best.
You'll find their picture in my watch, with
 their address :
To die for FLAG AND HOME to me is
 happiness !

Kiss me, kind lady,
As I was an early volunteer,
Kiss me, dear lady,
For FREEDOM'S cause I offered all that I
 hold dear ;
A bridge of light with spans of gold leads to
 the WEST,
I see white ships now sailing down the ocean's
 crest ;
And while I think of home and loved ones
 far away,
Kind lady, kiss me twice for their dear sake
 and pray.

She did, God's angel,
And sitting by his side she tried to pray ;
She watched and waited
'Till his brave spirit sweetly passed away.
Like Mary at the cross of Calvary divine,
The Red Cross Nurse gave love and hope to
 your dear boy and mine.
May Nations bow at WOMAN'S knee and
 pray for WAR'S release
And rise in bonds of UNION knighted by
 her KISS of PEACE.



The Alien



When "Old Glory" was flung to the western
breeze,

And our warships were headed across the seas,
And the call to the colors from coast to coast,
Assembled America's untrained host,

There were mothers' kisses and sweethearts'
tears,

There were fathers' wishes and friends' warm
cheers,

For thousands of soldiers but not for all,
Who then volunteered and answered the call.

Far many were aliens in this glorious land,
Who got not a kiss, not a tear, not a hand—
Not even the thought that someone would
cherish

Their deeds if for love of the flag they should
perish.

They came from their rooms and a common
board

With all they had treasured and carefully
stored,

In silence they mingled at break of day,
With the throng as it gathered to hurry away.

They have gone, they have fought, they have
triumphed and died;
The flag that we loved they have glorified;
While some of these heroes sleep under the
snow,
And some are at rest where the red poppies
blow.

In nobody's window hang beautiful stars
To cherish their valor, their triumph, their
scars;
On nobody's flag will be set stars of gold,
To foster their stories of service untold.

But sometime and somewhere, America's
heart
Will share them its love and will anthem their
part
Which the alien so freely and nobly has done,
For the sake of "Old Glory" and the victory
won.

God grant when these heroes return in the
ranks,
They may be all our "Boys", get a share of
our thanks;
And when Freedom her heroes of Peace has
enrolled,
We may find all their beautiful stars shining
gold.

Finish the Job?



Finish the job?

To be sure! Why not?

How can dollars with lives compare?

What did those give who sleep "over there"?

What did those offer who fought?

Finish the job?

It's a priv'lege rare!

Who wouldn't do what he knows is right

To make world free from the curse of might,

In the triumph of PEACE to share?

Finish the job?

Ask our mothers why

They gave their sons as a sacrifice;

Ask the dear ones who wait with brimming
eyes;

Ask the little ones who cry.

Finish the job?

It's part of the plan

In the thought of God who in pity gave

His only SON through His love to save

And to cherish the rights of man.

Finish the job?

Why yes, with delight!

Give the courage and cheer to our envoys we
ought,

And PRAY that an early PEACE may be
wrought.

God help us to finish it right!

Golden Wedding Dreams



Draw your rocker closer, mother, to the old
fire-place,
For I've something in my heart I wish to say ;
Let me see the girlish beauty which shone in
your face,
As I saw it fifty years ago to-day ;

I can see you churning butter by the old
beech tree
Where as lovers we first met that morn in
May ;
Ah, no angel could look sweeter than you
did to me,
And to me, you're just as sweet and dear
to-day.

Even now I feel that joyous thrill of pure
delight
Which was mine when you became my loving
wife ;
I can see you with your roses in your gown
of white
When you gave to me your own, sweet self
for life.

Once again I feel the anguish and the deep
despair
When they told me that my wild, sweet rose
might die;
And you passed within the shadows and
from gardens rare
Plucked a rose-bud and I heard a baby's
cry.

I remember the sad partings back in Sixty-
two,
When our country called for loyal volunteers,
And our boy with me enlisted and put on the
blue,
And we left you all alone in bitter tears.

When he fell at Chicamauga I was by his
side,
And he said, "Tell ma I'm not afraid to
die";
And we wrapped him in the flag for which
he bravely died—
And we'll meet him in the peaceful
by-and-by.



Let's Wear a Flower To-day



'Tis sweet to be remembered
In some kind, loving way,
With dear ones 'round the fireside,
Or many miles away ;

'Tis sweet to be remembered
When loved ones kneel to pray ;
Though hearts may ache for mother's sake
Let's wear a flower to-day.

Perhaps 'tis but a letter,
A tear-stained faded brief,
That bears a precious message,
A touch of hidden grief ;

Your mother's heart was grieving
Alone and far away,
For mother's love though gone above,
Let's wear a flower to-day.

Perhaps a mother's blessing,
Your childhood never knew ;
But often you have fancied
That mother kind and true ;

And, by another's fireside,
Your childhood slipped away,
Trusting His grace to see her face,
Let's wear a flower to-day.

Though rough has been your pathway,
For many busy years,
You've never lost the magic
Of mother's kiss and tears;

Her parting words though feeble,
Shall never pass away;
When days are drear, our hearts they cheer;
Let's wear a flower to-day.

B a b y



Like a beautiful rose was she,
With a passionate heart and a queenly air,
And delicate thorns hidden here and there,
And as sweet as a rose should be.

Not a manifest care had she;
She smiled at the morn of the longest day,
She wished for the silent stars to stay
As she dreamed of the dawn to be.

Like a beautiful lily is she;
To her throbbing heart so proud and gay,
Love like the honeyed bee found way,
And whispered maternity.

Tender is she and good;
Mother love beams in her soft, dark eyes,
And she pours out her life in sweet sacrifice
For the blessings of motherhood.

Here's To The Boys!



Here's to the Boys,
For what they have done!
To the Heroes who answered the call;
Here's to the Boys,
For what they have won,
With honor and glory to all!

Here's to the boys
Who traversed the sea
In spite of its terrors and fright;
Here's to the Boys
Who kept the world free
And honored our FLAG in the fight!

Here's to the Boys
Who sleep "over there"
Where the lilies and red poppies grow;
Here's to the Boys
Whose glory we share
But whose valor we never shall know.

Here's to the Boys
Who longed for a chance
Their part in the War to achieve;
Here's to the Boys
Whose hearts were in France
While they waited their home-land to leave.

Here's to the Boys
The pride of our land,
Who won the world's freedom and peace!
Here's to the Boys
Who for Liberty stand
And a UNION that never shall cease!

The Robin



The Robin is here!
The Robin is here!
On a topmost bough he's singing;
Did you lift your face
With a prayer for grace
As you heard the glad news he's bringing?

The Robin is here!
The Robin is here!
With his matchless notes of gladness;
Did his merry song
As you passed along,
For the moment dispel your sadness?

The Robin is here!
The Robin is here!
The herald of spring and flowers;
Of the sunny day
When love has sway
And the joy of the world is ours.

The Robin is here!
The Robin is here!
To the coming of spring attesting;
Sweet love is his theme,
Three babies, his dream,
And the joyous time of nesting.

Like the bird of song,
As we pass along,
Let us share with the world our treasure;
Just give it away
To gladden the day,
In a loving, gospel measure.

Victory



Victory, sweet victory
Of LOVE divine instead of Hate;
Victory, sweet victory
Of Faith sublime instead of Fate;
The Day of Peace dawns in the East,
The Night of War dies in the West;
The terror of the years has ceased,
The World bows in confession to be blest.

Victory, sweet victory
That proves the Brotherhood of Man;
Victory, sweet victory
The pledge of God's redemptive plan.
The cross of iron and blade of might
That crimsoned rivers with our dead,
And ravaged nations bled till white,
Yields to the Cross of Love instead.

Victory, sweet victory
Of nations joined in Freedom's cause;
Victory, sweet victory
Of Justice, Mercy, righteous laws.
The lilies and the poppies grow
And golden harvests gently wave,
Where never more shall red blood flow
And shell holes blast a living grave.

Two Toilers



He stood in his door with his wife and child,
And heaven looked down on the scene and
smiled,

While love with her shuttle spun webs of gold
And sung of the beautiful castles of old ;

He lingered as long as he dared to stay,
And watched for the car that should come
his way ;

Too soon came the car and in haste he ran
To take up the toil of an honest man.

A wave of the hand and a loving smile,
Then away he rode for a happy while.

"God bless you, my boy," I was glad to say,
For labor is sweet done in such a way.

He strode down the massive stone steps alone,
His face was as white as the chisel stone ;
The furrows of care and of thought lay deep
And his steel-gray eyes seemed estranged to
sleep ;

All comfort and love from his life had fled
And Money was king of his life instead ;

The doubt of the day gave his heart a pain
For Fate held the balance of loss and gain ;

A sigh and a moan which were sad indeed,
Then off to his office he went with speed.

"God pity his soul," I was forced to say,
For labor is gall done in such a way.

H o m e



Have you a home? Have I?
Where loved ones in tenderness say,
When you leave for the task of the day,
“So long, Good luck, Good-bye?”

Where at the door, a kiss
From lips as pure as the morning dew
A sacrifice of love is offered you,
For that day's joy and bliss?

Where baby's soft caress,
If gloomy the sky or bright the morn,
Makes you think of the rose and forget the
 thorn,
And the burden you bear grow less?

A home—a cozy place
Shut in from the world's noise and care,
From whose altar faith wings a prayer
For abiding love and grace?

Have you a lily bed
Where at the close of a weary day
Your soul makes confession and loves to pray
And heaven and earth are wed?

Have you a crimson rose
From whose honeyed heart and passion divine
You find delights in the warm sunshine
And your spirit finds sweet repose?

Sweet Reveries



I love to steal awhile away
From every business care,
And spend an hour at close of day
With sunset everywhere;
And hear the old owl in the tree
When all around is still,
And now and then, across the lea,
The lonely whip-poor-will.

'Tis then that memory wings her flight
Across a score of years,
And in the misty veil of night
A lovely form appears;
Again we sit upon the stile,
Beneath the chestnut tree,
And heart communes with heart awhile,
In sweet affinity.

'Twas here while on our way from school,
Our tales of love we spun,
With fervency the years can't cool,
And constant as the sun;
Here, pushing back an auburn curl,
I kissed her pure, white brow;
I worshipped her, then but a girl—
I love an angel now.

Morning, Noon and Night



There is beauty in the baby,
Yes, there's heaven in its eyes;
It's a little unfledged angel
That has wandered from the skies;
It's a joy of boundless pleasure,
And, in fact, a real art treasure,
As it romps and laughs and cries.

See its funny pranks at creeping,
Oh, its first sweet tooth is peeping,
Yes, and did you hear it say those tender
words, "da, da"?
It is bliss and joy and sweetness,
It is wedded life's completeness,
It has crowned with love its papa and mama.

See the great accomplished master;
Hail the hero of disaster;
Strew fair garlands in the path of love and
charity;
Kiss the tears from want and sorrow,
Plant a hope for each to-morrow,
And no trouble let us borrow,
For an hour of jollity.

Carve the marble into beauty ;
Paint the charms of love and duty ;
Chant a melody or sing a merry glee ;
Tell to me love's old sweet story,
Give three cheers for dear "Old Glory",
Sound the praise of our great country of the
free.

By a large old-fashioned fireplace,
In whose soft and cheerful glow,
Sit a dear, old loving couple
As sweet memories come and go ;
They are dreaming of the hours,
When hope spanned the April showers,
And love spoke in springtime flowers,
On the zephyrs sweet and low ;

They have toiled for years together,
Through all kinds of stormy weather,
Yet their love remained as constant as of yore ;
Though their hands have oft been weary,
Hope has kept their pathway cheery,
Now in peace, they sit and wait the silent oar.





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